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POETICAL LECTURE ON ANATOMY.

The following is the purport of a lecture on anatomy. The lecturer is represented as taking up the human skull, containing the brain and its appendages, with the nervous cords exposed to observation, and with "apostrophic eye" proceeding:—

This is the tenement of thought,
The mansion of the mind,
Whose empire, as the universe,
Is boundless, undefined !
'Tis vaulted, like the evening sky
In star-wrought grace unfurl'd,
And like that very firmament,
Hangs o'er a breathing world—
A world of thought, a world of sense,
A world of passion, pride,
Reason, perception, hope, love, light,
In glory side by side !
Here gather, too, in crowded thrall
Of agile grace and hue,
Imagination's thousand forms
Fast thronging on the view.
Here reason reigns, here genius dwells,
And here ambition lives !
And brightest 'mid that mighty throng,
The soul immortal thrives.
Here, too, imperial will resides
In regal state enshrined,
In stern dominion over all,
With majesty combined !
Mark this ! it is his messenger,
That, like electric fire,
Swift-wing'd, the mandate beareth forth
Of reason or desire.
This filament, this very thread,
Hath power to shake the frame ;
THAT, whispering to the heart's warm core,
To light love's genial flame.
And THIS, or THIS, to sense inclined,
Hath magic in its spell,
To waken pleasure, pain, or hope,
And rapture's story tell.
And this small cord sent to the eye,
Can comprehend the whole—
The limitless, the vast profound,
Where world's unnumbered roll !
THAT, to the tongue can captivate,
THIS, epicures enslave,
THAT, to the same makes slander rife,
And THIS perchance a knave.
THAT, to the ear, oft makes the soul
Quake 'neath the thunder's peal,
Or to the heart, with genius warm'd,
A dream's low tones reveal.
Concenter'd in one mass, this brain,
These make man what he is,
The offspring of yon world of light,
The life and soul of this.

—From an American work.

THE RIVER ST JOHN, IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—In this river there are several falls, not downwards, as in the ordinary course of rivers, but upwards against the current. The River St John is of the size of the Rhine. It drains a large portion of the province of New Brunswick. The mass of water it discharges into the Bay of Fundy is prodigious, especially during the spring floods, when the tides rise to the height of 35, 50, and sometimes even 60 feet, above the ordinary level. The remarkable fall of the water backwards is produced by the enormous volume of water, occupying a channel in some places ten miles in breadth, being confined near St John's into a breadth of 300 yards, which occasions it to roll back impetuously in the form of a magnificent cascade.

CHILDREN OF THE POOR.—Charles Lamb has truly and touchingly remarked, that common people's children "are dragged up, not brought up." There is a precocity—not, indeed, of intellect, but of prudence and worldly wisdom—in them, that is truly painful. Care has usurped the empire of carelessness, that legitimate monarch of a child's being ; and

like all usurpers, has in the vehemence of his achievements anticipated the slow march of Time. Life itself, which among the children of the rich is an exuberant overflowing, that, lavish it as they may, still seems inexhaustible, among those of the poor is a lean phantom, grasped at with pain and maintained with a struggle ; in short, they know nothing of youth but its feebleness and its wailing ; its bloom and its buoyancy being, like every other luxury, beyond their reach. To me the most painful sight in this world is a poor, that is, a destitute child. Whatever misery a grown-up person may be plunged into, a thousand suppositions are left for its palliation : they may once have been well off, or they may have been the artificers of their own ruin, and they may live to see better days : but children—they can have done nothing to deserve that the one blessing unmortgaged at the Fall, the carelessness of youth, should be taken from them.—*Lady Bulwer.*

THE DECAYED OLD GENTLEMAN,

A SKETCH.

THERE is something very touching about this character—something in his mild tone of speech, in his polite and gentle demeanour, that at once engages our sympathies. We have the poor old gentleman distinctly before our mind's eye at this moment. Let us endeavour to sketch him.

He is of middle height, well proportioned, and of rather slender make. His clothes, though a good deal the worse for wear, are carefully brushed, and put on with scrupulous neatness. His linens are clean and bright, and his neckcloth, equally faultless, is adjusted with nice precision ; for, old as he is, he has not lost, nor ever will lose, that sense of propriety which dictates a decent attention to external appearance.

Some sixty and odd summers have passed over the head of him who is the subject of our sketch, and they have left their usual traces behind. His hair is thin and scanty, and of the silvery hue of eild. His countenance is expressive at once of a gentle and benevolent nature, of a cultivated mind and refined taste. He has seen much, read much, and thought more. A certain air of mild, subdued dignity—for the old man, poor though he be, never for a moment forgets that he is a gentleman—adds a grace to all he says and does. When in society, or when accosted by a friend, a pleasant smile, speaking a sincere affability, plays on his cheerful countenance. But when alone, when there is no one present to demand the exercise of his politeness, the expression of that countenance subsides into a gentle melancholy. His look is then grave and thoughtful ; somewhat sad, but not morose. There has been disappointment in his life, high hopes laid low, and noble aspirations foiled in their aim.

Delightful it is to see the old gentleman enter a room in which some friends are assembled—his bow is so graceful—his smile so cheerful—his words of greeting so pleasant to the ear. All rise, smiling, to receive him—all hail his presence, with a quiet but heartfelt joy. Welcome, thrice welcome is he to all. His gentle manners, his exhaustless store of anecdote, all so well selected, all so neatly told. His intelligence and extensive information render him one of the most delightful of companions. A welcome visitor is he at all times—a welcome addition to the family circle into which it is his delight to drop, just in time to share in the sober, social cup of tea, his favourite beverage.

The old gentleman is unmarried—he is a bachelor. There is some vague unconnected story of an early attachment and of disappointed love, but nobody knows any of the particulars—no one knows who the lady was, nor what were the circumstances of the case ; and our old friend never alludes to them in the most distant manner. The history of this passage in his life is a secret pent up within his own breast ; one that will go with him to the grave, and with him be buried within its silent precincts. But it is one over which he often broods in the solitude of his solitary chamber, and during those sleepless nights, and they are many, when reminiscences of the past forbid the approach of forgetfulness.

Being a bachelor, and his circumstances narrow—a small annuity being now his only dependence—our old friend has no house of his own. He lives in hired lodgings—humble, but cleanly, comfortable and respectable. His landlady is a "decent widow," and he has been her lodger for fifteen years. Little as he has, he has always paid her punctually, and to the last farthing ; and much does she esteem and respect her kind and gentlemanly inmate. Regular and temperate in all his